

BETROTHED

The early joy of a young man and maid,
Who stand upon the threshold of life's
morn
Hand linked in hand, while all for them
is fair
With rosy promise of a day to be;
Who know how each to each is all in all.
So each to each is of the other sure,
Come woe or woe, the sunshine or the
rain.
This thing is good. For even tho' it be
That the full promise of dawn is un-
fulfilled.
And winds arise the landscape fair to mar
By mists and shadows no man may fore-
see.
The perfect vision of the opening day
Remains for them a blessed memory
Thro' all the day, until all light is gone.
Closed by the last chime of the curfew.
Yet
To have known that glory of dawn still
makes the day
More beautiful than tho' it had not been.
Most happy they for whom this time shall
prove
The first sweet moments of an ample
day!
To those for whom, until the morning
came,
Life had been but a twilight-time where-
in
Each had moved solitary amid the crowd,
Lonely in spirit, lonely in heart and
mind,
The coming of this dawn makes all
things new.
For them the world is as another world;
They are themselves, yet not their former
selves.
And half-forgotten of all former hours,
With Love arisen they live alone no
more.
—C. M. Paine.

THE RED CHIMNEYS

By MRS. STEPHEN CRANE

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When the wind came there was a
sain of maple leaves, veery and with-
ered souls swept from the gray
branches, falling to swift currents
near the ground where they swirled
in yellow hosts, raising upon the air a
long sound of crackling cries, a curi-
ous interminable noise of dismay at
death, of fear of this inappreciable sweep-
ing force that came from the red
western sky which flared like an army
with lurid banners.

A girl came slowly down the path
that led through the maples. She
walked in a dreamy way, following
unconsciously the mere indication of
a road, that summer path that had
been swallowed in the merciless hail
of the dead leaves. Finally, a man
stepped from the shadows. He was
staring as he put forth his hand.

"Hello," he said.
When their hands clasped, she be-
gan to look at the dark distance of the
landscape, turning her face from him.
"Well," he said at last, studying the
immobile face, still holding her hand,
"are you glad to see me? I just re-
turned yesterday from the New York.
Very breezy trip. I thought I had
better—" then suddenly he threw
away all that and spoke quickly: "And
your husband?"

She made a gesture towards where
three brick chimneys appeared in the
distance, looming above a rim of tree
tops. They both steadily regarded
these as if they were three person-
ages, three facts, emblematic exactly
of a certain situation. He, with his
cigarette now in his mouth, his hat
still tilted, clasping his hands, said:
"The infernal idiot!"

She looked at him with a swift, re-
sentful glance, but he answered at
once, making a gesture of irritation
which was a sort of defiant outburst.
"Oh, I am tired of treating him with
magnificent respect, when, as a mat-
ter of truth, he is to me the most
stupid and dense beast in the universe
for not being dead."

She was lifting her chin in a battle-
ful way and waving her fingers toward
his mouth. "But he is my—"
"The devil," interrupted the young
man, violently. "Do you think that I
am not aware of it?" He glared at
her with sullen rage.

Upon her face as she looked at him
there was a vague, indescribable smile
and in her eyes there were two faint
points of mellow light. "Yes, you do
know it," she said.

He answered her attitude, the light
in her eyes. "You love me," he cried



Looming Above a Rim of Treestops.
in discontented muttering, "and yet
you spend all your time in guarding
the peace of that duffer"—indicating
the three red chimneys with a con-
temptuous wave of his hand—"as if he
were a sacred white elephant of Siam;
and, as for me, I am to be held off with
spears for fear I might kiss the tip of
your little finger. And yet you love
me. You are incomprehensible. I
could kill him. And yet—you—why
won't you run away with me?"

When she replied her voice had a
subtle quality of monotony in it as if
she were speaking a lesson, uttering
some sentiment in which she had resolu-
tely schooled herself. "Ah, the sin.
You would never be happy with a bad
woman."

It seemed to make him furious. He
gazed at her blackly. "A bad woman!
What rot! You—"

Then she suddenly acknowledged the
falsity of her speech. "No—no—no, I
didn't mean that. I didn't mean it. I
meant that I—I could never be happy



One Long Kiss.

if I were a bad woman. I would be
afraid"—she raised her finger and
pointed it mournfully at him—"I would
be afraid of you."

He laughed savagely. "You are as
wise as seven owls. It cannot be ar-
gued. It is to be demonstrated. A re-
newal of my protestations of love
would not be convincing." He burst
out passionately, as if he could no
longer endure the weight of his hopes,
his fears, his wrongs. "But why not
make an attempt for happiness? You
love me. I love you. What is there
in this infernal environment that
should make us value it? What is
there to suffice us if we have not each
other. Nothing, I tell you, nothing."

"Wait," she said. "God forgive us—
it cannot be long to wait now."

"Wait, wait. My soul is weary of
this waiting," he answered. "He will
never die; he is too selfish; he will
see us both in our graves, I tell you.
Is all our youth to be worn threadbare
waiting for this selfish brute to shuffle
off?" He looked at her steadily for a
moment, then continued: "Do you
know that I believe that in spite of
the life he has led you, you love him,
now, more than you do me."

She was very white and the pain
in her eyes should have warned him.
"No," he said, "four years is long
enough to wait; long enough for you
to make up your mind. Do you know
that you have played fast and loose
with me for four years? Four—long—
years? Now you must decide. Will
you come with me, dear heart, will
you come with me? Say—speak—will
you come to the shelter of my love or
do you send me away forever? I will
wait no longer; I am determined;
choose—him—" and he shook his
closed hands at the red chimneys—
"or happiness with me!"

The girl shivered and drew her cape
closely about her shoulders. As she
moved a faint perfume of lavender
came to the man. He took hold of
both her hands with his and drew her
to him, eagerly, gazing at her face, so
close to his own, noting every feature,
the small straight nose, the forehead
low and broad, crowned with masses
of dark waving hair, the small round-
ed chin beneath the sweet trembling
mouth! And her eyes—her eyes, now
dark with the pain of this passion
which she felt was mastering her. She
could feel his warm breath upon
her cheeks. Her hands crept up his
arms and about his neck; she threw

her head back and as she did—their
lips met in one long kiss.

The following morning the man
awakened with a song upon the lips
that she had kissed. As he dressed
he strutted as a self-satisfied cock
might strut while he plumed himself
in the barnyard. They were to leave
that night. Of course nothing could
prevent her going, now—nothing but
death," she had said. All the morning
he was busy arranging his affairs for
a long absence.

At noon came a messenger with a
note. It was from her. How well he
knew the gray paper and the dainty
writing! He caressed the envelope be-
fore he opened it. "Why, I am getting
as sentimental as a woman," he said
aloud, laughing. Then he tore the
note open and this is what it said:

"Forgive, forgive me, my beloved. I
have chosen death. I could not leave
him and after yesterday there is no
peace for me but in death. Forgive
me, for I have loved you more than
life."

The woman killed herself on Octo-
ber the 9th. Her husband died of a
long, lingering illness on October 10th.

Under the maples the man walked
and the little leaves of brown and
yellow and those with the crimson
blots danced about him. The man
had grown old in two days, frost had
touched his temples and his face was
gray and drawn. He looked at the
red chimneys above the tree tops; he
held out his arms towards them, yearn-
ingly, with a half-stifled moan. The
little leaves danced and flew in clouds
before his eyes, they beat him upon
the face; they seemed to run and
jump before his sight, blinding him,
stinging him, as he held his arms to-
wards the red chimneys.

WEALTHY MEN OF OLD.

Their Fortunes Make Even Rocke-
feller's Millions Seem Small.

A writer in a Jewish magazine has
been looking into the Agadic history
of the Talmud, and believes that
there were richer men before the
Christian era than there are now. We
know that Croesus was rich, and that
there were huge Roman fortunes in
the times of the empire. The Talmud
stories go back further still. The
great corner in corn that Joseph man-
aged was fabulously profitable. Tradition
says that Joseph, acting for
Pharaoh, got his hands on pretty
much all the ready money there was
in his day, and buried three enormous
treasures, one of which was
found by Korah, whose fortune esti-
mated according to the modern stand-
ards of value, is rated by the maga-
zine at three billion dollars. Solo-
mon's stable, with its horses, chariots
and horsemen, is said to have repre-
sented a sum the modern equivalent
of which would be three or four hun-
dred millions, and he spent two hun-
dred and fifty millions on his temple.
Herod's temple cost more still. In
Jerusalem in Roman times there were
three Jews, who between them, felt
able to face an expenditure of a hun-
dred millions a year for twenty-one
years. They offered to feed the mil-
lions of inhabitants of Jerusalem for
that length of time rather than surren-
der the city. One of these Jews, Niko-
demon, gave his daughter a dowry of
\$425,000,000. There were other Jews
of whose enormous wealth the Agadic
history makes record.—Harper's
Weekly.

Juggling With Accounts.

John D. Rockefeller, at a directors'
meeting in New York, was describing
certain methods of juggling with ac-
counts—certain deceptive ledger and
journal entries that firms make when
they are about to fail dishonestly.

"The other day," said Mr. Rocke-
feller, "I heard of a woman who would
have made an excellent account jug-
gler. This woman's husband always
left in her possession a number of
blank signed checks. She was free
to use these checks, but he required
from her a full explanation of the ex-
penditure that had been made with
each of them."

"He was looking over the stubs one
day."

"You say here," he said, "that check
No. 272, for \$25, went for church ex-
penses. What church expenses were
these?"

"A new Easter bonnet," the woman
answered."

Maranda.

A crescent moon lingers to greet the
morn.
The stars of beauty smiling in its rays;
The birds sing low—as wooing their own
lays.
The young May-blossoms freshened
zephyrs warn,
Lest closer touching win, not bud, but
thorn;
The air breathes lover's breath on
fainting haze;
While Silence, eloquent with voiceless
praise,
Guards well the stillness—and the day is
born.

The poet's soul saw type of this fair
hour
In sacred recess of a living heart,
Its peerless melody, its bloom, its flower,
its beauty, and its mystery are part
Of hymnic music, telling of sunrise
In the soft shadows of a maiden's eyes.
—Mary M. Adams, from "The Song at
Midnight."

Church Pews as Investments.

At Kirkham (Eng.) Parish church
the greater portion of the pew rents,
instead of swelling the exchequer of
the church, go into the pockets of pri-
vate individuals, who, for the most
part, do not attend the church or even
reside in the district. The peculiar
situation originated in 1823, when, to
meet the expenses of rebuilding the
church, about forty pews and a few
organ seats were put up for auction
and realized amounts varying from
\$175 to \$900. The church wardens
are endeavoring to come to an ar-
rangement with the pew owners with
a view to securing a larger share of
the rents for the benefit of the church.

How Two Monarchs Died

M. Paul Gaulot's "A Conspiracy
Under the Terror," which has just
been published, suggests to me an-
other reason, beside that of the con-
trast between their characters, for
the contrast between the death scenes
of Louis XVI and of Marie Antoinette,
writes T. P. O'Connor. Not the least
horrible of all the haunting horrors
of "The Terror" is the death struggle
on the scaffold of Louis XVI.

Here is Louis Blanc's description of
it in his "Histoire de la Revolution
Francaise": "Descending from his
carriage, Louis fixed his eyes upon the
soldiers who surrounded him, and with
a menacing voice cried, 'Silence!' The
drums ceased to beat, but at a signal
from their officer the drummers again
went on. 'What treason is this?' he
shouted. 'I am lost! I am lost!' For
it was evident up to this moment he
had been clinging to hope. The exe-
cutioners now approached to take off
a part of his clothes; he repulsed
them fiercely, and himself removed the
collar from his neck. All the blood in
his frame seemed to be turned into
fire when they sought to tie his hands.
'Tie my hands!' he shrieked. A struggle
was inevitable. It came. It is in-
disputable that Louis fought with his
executioners.

"The Abbe Edgeworth stood by, per-
plexed, horrified, speechless. At last,
as his master seemed to look inquir-
ingly at him, he said: 'Sir, in this ad-
ditional outrage, I only see a last trait
of the resemblance between your maj-
esty and the God who will give you
your reward.' At these words the in-
dignation of the man gave way to the
amity of the Christian, and Louis

said to the executioners, 'I will drain
the cup to the dregs.'

"But after the executioners had
made all the grim toilet of death, and
Louis had protested his innocence and
pronounced his forgiveness in the
loud voice, which the drummers, at
the command of the comedian, Du-
guyon, proceeded to drown, he again
lost all his self-control. 'Silence! Be
silent!' cried the king, losing all self-
control, and stamping violently with
his foot. Richard, one of the execu-
tioners, then seized a pistol and took
aim at the king. It was necessary to
drag him along by force. With diffi-
culty fastened to the fatal plank, he
continued to utter terrible cries, only
interrupted by the fall of the knife."

Contrast this frightful death strug-
gle on the scaffold with the dignity of
that despicable fratricide, Philippe
Egalite. He was no sooner condemned
to immediate execution than, says
Mongallard, he ordered and consumed
with much relish some dozens of oys-
ters, a couple of cutlets, and a bottle
of claret. Then erect, easy, command-
ing, in faultless attire, and with the air
of a prince proceeding to his corona-
tion, he is drawn to the scaffold.

"The cruel populace," says Carlyle,
"stopped him for some minutes oppo-
site the Palais Egalite, whither Palais
Royal, along whose ashlar wall ran in
huge tri-color print, 'Republic One and
Indivisible: Liberty, Equality, Frater-
nity, or Death; National Property.'
Philippe's eyes flashed hell fire one in-
stant, but the next instant it was gone
and he sat impassive. On the scaffold
Samson was for drawing off his boots.
'Tush!' said Philippe, 'they will come
better off after. Let's have done!'"

Girl Had Her Way

She was in love with a young doc-
tor.

"He's quite impossible!" cried her
mother when informed of it.

"Out of the question," asserted her
father.

"He has fine prospects," insisted the
girl.

"You can't live on prospects," said the
father.

"The next day she was ill.

"I can see nothing wrong," said the
physician who was called to attend
her.

Nevertheless he left a prescription,
but it seemed to be of no good. The
symptoms she described were con-
flicting and confusing.

"It's very strange," said the physi-
cian.

"If you do not understand the case,
we must get someone who does," said
the mother.

So, after a week or more of experi-
menting another physician was called
in.

"A trifling indisposition," said the
second physician. "I'll have her right
in a day or so."

But in a day or so she had him
rattled. Her lover had told her how
to do it.

"Every time I see her," said the

second physician, "there seems to be
some new complication. I can't find
anything radically wrong, but her
statements certainly show that she
is not all right."

By this time the father and moth-
er were worried and they sent for a
specialist. The latter looked wise,
but he met with no greater success
than the two who had preceded him,
although his bill was considerably
larger.

The father had just seen the bill
when the girl called to him.

"I fear," she said, wearily, "that
this trouble is going to continue in-
definitely. Don't you think it would
be wise to have a physician in the
family?"

The father looked at her suspi-
ciously.

"Perhaps it would," he admitted.

"And it's so easy to have one," she
persisted.

"Arrange it to suit yourself," he
said, resignedly, for he was a man
who knew when he was beaten.

The next day she was able to sit
up, and the day after she had entirely
recovered. But the father continued
to look at her reproachfully, even up
to the day of the wedding.—Brooklyn
Eagle.

A Halsted Street Pastoral

"Little Barefoot," of Bubbly Creek.

Her father twists the lever on a Halsted
trolley train.
At noon she brings his dinner pail,
drenched in the pelting rain.
She has a piquant rose-lip face, a ro-
suleh head of hair;
She is the mascot of the car, the passen-
gers declare.
And when her father eats his lunch, she
grasps the trolley bar—
"Now, Daddy, you just lemme be, and I
will run the car—
Of course I've got 'em beat a block; you
see the coast is clear.
Say, Daddy, how do you like to see me
play the engineer?"

REFRAIN.

"Now, all aboard, get ready; say, Miss
Bubbly, hold her steady.
I can run the trolley car, because my
daddy's near.
Don't you hear that whistle blowing, to
old Bubbly Creek we're going—
Say, daddy, don't you like to see me play
the engineer?"

She holds the lever like her dad, and
guides the trolley true;
O'er prairies wide they swiftly glide by
O'er bridges high they panting fly,
and breast the shrieking gale.
The little locomotive still on deck and
guides them o'er the rail.

You watch the headstrong beauty's face,
and her frank, delicious stare,
Her violet eyes in arch surprise, and her
wind-swept tawny hair.
She wears the union button, and her
voice rings frank and clear—
"Say, Daddy, how do you like your 'littie
dirt to play the engineer?"

Old Halsted's lights are gleaming and
Miss Bubbly's eyes are beaming;
The spire of danger suits the midcap
maiden to a tee;
She guides the sizzling trolley, and they
banish melancholy;
She never crumples any kids a-playing
frank and free,
She senses burly teamsters who are
blocking up the way.
The sizzling automobile yields her the
path to stray.
"Say, Roomey, you are sleeping; your
lary nag is croaking;
I will take a wheel off Clarence when he
scorches up this way."

CHORUS.

"Jiggers, there, get busy; this yere trol-
ley makes me dizzy;
Of course, I'll bring them through on
time, because the coast is clear.
I will make a mile a minute; I guess lit-
tle Barefoot lent it to me.
Say, daddy, boy do you like your 'littie
dirt to play the engineer?"

—JAMES E. KINSELLA.
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

"Jap" Elixir Is Good

The ingenious Japanese have de-
veloped a trade in a commodity which
has been decided by the general
board of customs appraisers at Wash-
ington, to be hitherto unheard of and
not enumerated in the Dingley act.
This is Midzuame, a syrup that finds
a demand on the Pacific coast in
competition with corn syrup, which
is largely produced in Illinois.

Midzuame is a doughy, elastic sub-
stance, produced from Japanese mil-
let and rice. The chemists say it is
mainly starch and dextrine. The best
quality is a fine yellow, and its palat-
ability is beyond all cavil. The pro-
ducers are themselves great consum-
ers, and seem to thrive on it. The
consumption of the new mixture or
brew is said to be extending constan-
tly in the West.

The method of manufacture is to
steam the grain, cover it with mats

and later mix in barley malt. The
mass is left for six hours to ferment.
The hulls settle to the bottom and
are removed, and the starchy, sugary
liquid that results is drawn off,
squeezed in hempen bags and sealed
in jars ready for export. It is said
to be an infallible strength food for
infants and old folks.

The customs authorities have been
instructed to classify it as an article
under the basket clause of the law
not otherwise provided for, and to im-
pose a duty of 10 per cent ad va-
lorem. This is so low that the Japa-
nese syrup can continue to come in
and hold its own on the Pacific coast,
it is said, against the output of corn
syrup from the Mississippi valley.
Midzuame is much used in confection-
ery in Japan, and, strange to say, is
also a valuable dyestuff.—Philadel-
phia Ledger.



Adapting Corn Varieties.

We are always learning something
new about the corn plant. One thing,
new at least to a good many students
of the corn plant, is that corn varie-
ties differ so greatly in their charac-
teristics that success or failure with
corn depends on the selection of the
right varieties for certain fields. It
is not unusual to hear of a man de-
claring that the variety of corn he
grows is one of the most profitable
in the world and will give most aston-
ishing yields. The fact is that he is
growing it on a location that is admir-
ably suited to it. We are now coming
to have varieties of corn adapted to
uplands and to lowlands. The lowland
variety may do very well on the up-
land in a wet year, but in a dry year
proves almost a failure, while the var-
iety adapted to the upland yields well
even in bad seasons. At the present
time this differentiation is only be-
ginning to be made. During this sum-
mer corn growers would do well to
watch the behavior of corn on low-
lands and uplands. At the present
time we have only very meager data
by which to figure out what kind of
corn a man should select for the bot-
tom lands and what kind for the up-
lands. Some of our experimenters
are only now just beginning to study
the corn plant from this standpoint.
We have, however, much to hope for
from our agricultural colleges in this
matter. The students are taking great
interest in such matters and are tak-
ing up every phase of corn growing.
This study of varieties is one that
may well engross the attention of
some of the brightest minds.

The Potato Bug.

One of the great obstacles to the
raising of potatoes has been the po-
tato bug; yet this insect is easily con-
trolled, if the farmer will resort to
the use of the arsenical poisons. A
good many farmers, however, are
afraid to have poison around, knowing
that now and then very serious ac-
cidents happen as a result of its pres-
ence. Such farmers are forced to re-
sort to the old methods of hand-pick-
ing. Indeed, such a potato grower as
A. B. Terry hand-picks his potato
bugs. The most popular course, how-
ever, is to use paris green either as
dust or as part of a liquid solution.
If the bugs are taken as soon as
they appear, it will seldom be neces-
sary to treat the entire field. The
bugs being killed on the part of the
field where they appear, will have no
opportunity to extend their labors to
other parts. There are many combi-
nations used, but one pound of pure
paris green to 150 gallons of water
is enough. When dust is used one
pound of the paris green may be
mixed with 50 pounds of air slaked
lime and the resulting powder ap-
plied by being sifted over the plants
with some kind of a box in which are
small holes. A good sized pepper
box is found serviceable. In such a
case it is better to apply the dust
while the dew is on the vines.

Green Manure.

Green manure is the name applied
to a crop that is grown for the pur-
pose of being turned under. Some of
the lands that are exhausted to such
an extent that they will not bear good
crops of grain yet will be found grow-
ing up to some kind of weeds. Some-
times this weed crop is the best thing
that can be grown on the land, if the
farmer is smart enough to turn it
under. It adds humus to the soil. We
have heard of fields that were prac-
tically good for nothing, yet were re-
claimed by having the weeds plowed
under for three or more years. The
fact was that the fields were deficient
in humus and nitrogen and needed an
application of both of these, which
they got in the green manures given
in the form of the turned under weeds.
The best green manure in most
parts of the North is the clover plant.
But cow peas and soy beans are ex-
cellent where they can be grown. All
kinds of legumes are very good for
turning under, as they always add ni-
trogen to the soil. Rye and such
things are sometimes used, but they
add little or nothing to the soil ex-
cept fiber, which is not taken up by
the roots of the growing plants. It
may, however, do some good to the
soil mechanically.

Wheat and Corn.

The wheat and corn crops of the United States for the past 25 years have been as follows.		
Year—	Wheat.	Corn.
1878.....	420,122,000	1,388,219,000
1879.....	448,757,000	1,547,902,000
1880.....	498,550,000	1,717,435,000
1881.....	383,280,000	1,194,916,000
1882.....	504,185,000	1,617,025,000
1883.....	421,186,000	1,551,067,000
1884.....	512,765,000	1,755,528,000
1885.....	357,112,000	1,936,176,000
1886.....	457,218,000	1,665,441,000
1887.....	456,329,000	1,456,161,000
1888.....	415,868,000	1,987,790,000
1889.....	490,560,000	2,112,892,000
1890.....	399,262,000	1,489,970,000
1891.....	611,780,000	2,060,154,000
1892.....	515,949,000	1,628,464,000
1893.....	396,131,000	1,619,496,000
1894.....	460,267,000	1,212,770,000
1895.....	467,103,000	2,151,129,000
1896.....	427,684,000	2,283,875,000
1897.....	530,149,000	1,902,968,000
1898.....	675,149,000	1,924,185,000
1899.....	547,304,000	2,078,144,000
1900.....	622,330,000	2,105,102,000
1901.....	748,460,000	1,522,520,000
1902.....	670,063,000	2,523,648,000
1903.....	637,822,000	2,344,477,000